

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 16

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JANUARY 16, 1916

## Tonassi's Sheepskin Coat.

BY S. G. MOSHER.

**T**ONASSI ANDROUCK was the janitor of the Kedron school. Every morning he made a fire in the big base burner, swept the school, cleaned the blackboard, dusted the teacher's desk, carried in wood for the day, and filled the drinking pail with fresh water. For this work he received two dollars a month. This seemed a fortune to Tonassi, for, until he became janitor, he had never had any money of his own. His father was a Russian farmer, who had emigrated to Northern Canada when Tonassi was a baby; all the neighbors were Russians, too, and many still wore their national costume, although the more progressive were beginning to wear American clothes.

Tonassi was to be janitor for three months. Usually a boy held this position for only a month at a time, because there was much competition for this chance to earn some pocket money. But it had been an unusually cold winter, so there had been no competitors for the boy's job.

Up here in the north school did not open until half-past nine in winter, because it was not good daylight until after eight. But in order to have the school nicely warm for the first arrivals, Tonassi had to have the fire made not later than eight, and all through the dark months of December and January he trudged the two miles between his home and the school before dawn every morning. Now February had come, and the days were getting longer, while the cold was not so intense. The janitor's work would be easier this month.

At the noon hour Tonassi rather shyly approached the teacher.

"Please, can I get money to-day?" he asked.

Miss Boyd glanced at the calendar on her desk. "You have been janitor for two months now," she said. "I will give you an order on the secretary for four dollars."

The boy shifted his weight uneasily on one foot. A quaint little figure he was, in his long trousers of white homespun woolen, with his long blouse of white linen, which, gathered in at the waist by a gayly colored belt, fell almost to his knees.

"Please, I need all the money," he said at last.

"But you haven't earned it all yet," Miss Boyd objected. "Why do you need it all now?" she asked, seeing how disappointed the boy looked.

"I want to buy an American overcoat," Tonassi explained. "Most all the boys in this school have American coats. They laugh at my sheepskin coat."

"But your sheepskin coat is warm and comfortable," Miss Boyd said. "You can wear it another month, surely."

"There is a sale at Mundare this week," Tonassi explained. Mundare was the nearest town, some forty miles away. "My uncle will go to Mundare to-morrow. He says

## The Weather.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

**I** LIKE the weather *any* way,  
Because I'm happy every day;  
And when the sun shines warm and bright,

Outdoors, I play with all my might,  
With marbles, or a kite, or ball—  
'Tis hard to go indoors at all.



"Most any weather's fine for play!"

And when it's winter time, and snow  
Is everywhere, I like to go  
With other boys, down hill to slide—  
Or on my skates to swiftly glide.  
And playing soldiers, in a fort  
With cannon balls of snow, is sport.

But sometimes comes a rainy day,  
And then indoors, 'tis fun to stay—  
With scissors, paints, or picture-book  
I sit in cozy window nook.  
The time just flies! And so I say,  
'Most any weather's fine for play!

at that sale you can buy very good boys' coats for six dollars; other times, those coats are ten dollars. Please say I can have the money, teacher."

Miss Boyd hesitated. "The secretary cannot pay you in advance," she said finally, "but I will give you an order for the four dollars you have earned, and I will lend you the other two dollars. Remember you must pay me back promptly at the end of the month." Tonassi thanked her warmly.

"When is your sister Sonia coming back to school?" Miss Boyd asked. "She has not been here since Christmas, and I do not like her to lose so much time."

"Sonia has no shoes," Tonassi explained. "But I think this week she will sell her sheep, then she can buy shoes."

"Well, tell her to come back to school as soon as she can," the teacher said. "Your sister is a clever girl, Tonassi, and she should have a chance to get an education."

After school that day Tonassi tramped

three miles to the secretary's house, to get his precious four dollars. Then he had a long, five-mile walk home, so that, although he got a lift part of the way, it was after dark when he reached the house. He found the family at supper. His father sat on a rude bench at the head of a long, narrow table. Mrs. Androuck was at her husband's right hand, while on benches along both sides of the table sat Tonassi's numerous brothers and sisters. The boy slid into the place at his father's left hand—the place of honor reserved for the eldest son.

Mr. Androuck cut a thick slice of bread from the loaf at his elbow, and tossed it to Tonassi, while the boy explained to his mother why he was so late. There were neither plates nor forks on the table, and the supper consisted of bread and cabbage soup. Tonassi glanced round the table and missed an accustomed face.

"Where's Sonia?" he asked.

(Continued on p. 87.)



## Finding Ginger.

BY NELLIE M. LEONARD.

BETH and Helen were playing happily upon the big green rug in the living-room. All the morning they had been busy cutting out paper dolls from an old pattern book. They had made some tiny furniture out of pasteboard, just as Aunt Ruth had taught them. The little chairs had red velvet glued upon the seats; there was a round dining-table and a cunning cradle for the baby. This was a small jeweler's box filled with pink cotton and covered with a dainty lace spread.

"I'm going to cut out a piano and stand it up against this big block," planned Helen. "Then I shall be ready to keep house."

"And when I bend these chairs into shape and make a teacher's desk, I shall open my school," replied Beth. "I s'pose you'll let the teacher board at your house. Her name is Miss Thomas, like our real teacher, you know. Oh, isn't this great fun, Helen?"

"Of course it is fun. I'll lend you my bell if you'll be careful of it. You can't keep school without a bell."

"I have some blue tissue paper and some tinsel that you may have to make dresses for the children," offered Beth, generously.

Then the telephone bell rang 1-2-3!

"Hello," answered mamma. "Oh, that is too bad—I'm sorry—Why, yes, I think they'll be glad to go for you—Oh no, it is not too cold. They play out every day and I will dress them warmly. I wouldn't worry, Miss Adelaide; they'll be sure to find him all right—Good-by."

Two pairs of brown eyes were looking up expectantly at mamma.

"Do my little girls want to be helpers to-day?" she began.

"We're having lots of fun," said Beth, doubtfully.

Helen looked sober. "What does Miss Adelaide want?" she asked.

"Miss Adelaide is very nervous and worried. She has a severe cold and cannot go out of doors. Her little dog, Ginger, has run away. He has been gone since early this morning and she is afraid something has happened to him. You know Ginger is all Miss Adelaide has to love."

"But, mamma, how can we ever find him? He may be miles away," argued Beth. "And it's a real cold day."

"P'r'aps he is stolen, or an auto has run over him," added Helen. "I wouldn't want to find him hurt."

"Very well, dears," replied mamma. "Shall I telephone Miss Adelaide that my little daughters are so busy playing paper dolls that they cannot stop to find her pet?"

"Oh no! Why, mamma, we're not selfish like that!" cried Helen. "Of course we'll try."

"And we'll find him, too," said Beth, decidedly.

So they started out, dressed warmly with mittens and furs, to find naughty Ginger.

"We must ask at the store and the post-office," planned Beth.

But no one had seen a little yellow dog with a blue ribbon bow upon his collar.

They crossed the square and finally decided to go down South Street first.

"We will ask at every house," said Helen. "You go on one side and I'll take the other."

At last an old lady said that she had noticed a strange dog in her yard about noon.

"Was he yellow and little and curly?" demanded Beth.

"I couldn't say for sure, dearie, except that he was small. My memory isn't what it used to be. Some boys were calling him. They went toward the depot."

"Thank you," said Beth, running out to Helen. "We must hurry. Ginger went this way. Let's not stop, but watch every yard. We may see him."

Sure enough. Away down by the railway station they found poor Ginger, a shivering, muddy, forlorn, little creature, chained behind an old house.

Beth ran and unfastened Ginger. A boy darted out of the house. "Hi, there!" he called.

"So you tried to steal Ginger, you bad Jerry Merlino!" exclaimed Helen, scornfully. "You just leave him alone or I'll get a policeman."

Then an auto stopped beside them.

"Hello!" called Dr. Marshman. "So you've really found Ginger Pop, little ladies. Hop in under this fur robe with the little rascal and we'll take Miss Adelaide some medicine that will beat all my sedative pills. Did you have a long hunt?"

They told him all about their search, as they sped merrily along in the winter twilight.

"Ginger Pop needs a good bath and a scolding," declared Dr. Marshman, laughingly.

"His ribbon is spoiled and he is very lame. I guess he is sorry and won't run off again," said Beth.

Mamma had a hot supper waiting when her little girls, rosy-faced and happy, rushed home across the frozen field. They were bubbling over with talk.

"Miss Adelaide gave me this toy piano that she used to play with," cried Helen.

"And this doll's trunk is mine," added Beth. "It's full of lovely silks and velvet for us to make into doll's dresses. Miss Adelaide was so glad she cried when she saw Ginger and"—

"Oh, mamma, we had a lovely ride with Dr. Marshman. It was ever so much nicer than playing paper dolls," interrupted Helen, excitedly.

Mamma put her hands over her ears. "The oyster stew is nice and hot. Come at once," she insisted. "After supper, Daddy and I will hear all about your wonderful adventure. I'm sure you found that there is real pleasure in doing Miss Adelaide a kindness."

"And we found Ginger, too," laughed Beth.

Greatly begin! Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime.  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Crocodile River.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

ONCE upon a time there was a Crocodile River. On the banks of the river was much soft mud. In the river lived many, many ferocious crocodiles, with wide, wide mouths. There were so many crocodiles in that river that they often bumped noses when trying to pass one another going up and down stream. Bumping noses made them cross; which is perhaps the reason why they grew more ferocious every day.

Not far from Crocodile River lived a large family of monkeys: grandfather and grandmother, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, sisters, brothers, cousins, and many, many wee monkey children.

One of this large family was a discontented little boy monkey. He wished to visit the Crocodile River. He didn't know anything about crocodiles; he thought the word "crocodile" meant mud. The reason he believed this was because, when he asked the birds where they found so much mud with which to plaster their nests, they always answered, "On the banks of the Crocodile River! Now do not ask any more questions!"

One day, the discontented monkey said to a father bird, "I wish to play in the mud of the Crocodile River!"

Answered the father bird, "The Crocodile River is no place for a little monkey!"

That same day, said the discontented monkey to a mother bird, "I wish to play in the mud of the Crocodile River!"

Answered the mother bird, "The Crocodile River is no place for a little monkey."

Next thing that little monkey knew, all the birds of the forest, the lion, the tiger, and all the other beasts of the jungle, had heard that he wished to play in the mud of the Crocodile River. They shook their heads and shook their heads, but how they laughed!

Day after day the discontented monkey said to his mother over and over, "I wish to play in the mud of the Crocodile River." She shook her head too, but she didn't laugh.

Day after day, over and over, she said to her discontented little son, "Crocodile River is no place for a little monkey."

One day when his mother was gone, a dreadful thing happened. The little monkey ran away to find the Crocodile River.

Sure enough, there was much soft mud on the banks of the Crocodile River. It was a lonely place—not even a little squirrel child was to be seen. The river was still as glass.

Down in the mud sat the little monkey and began making mud cakes. He patted them in his paws, and squeezed them, and rolled them, and punched them, to his heart's content. He thought he should like to stay there and play all the afternoon if only his cousins were with him, when, suddenly, he heard queer little gurgling noises in the river.

Up jumped the little monkey, and what do you think he saw? He saw crocodile heads sticking out of the water. The reason why he saw this dreadful sight was because many, many ferocious crocodiles had poked their heads out of the water. There must have been seven hundred and seventy-seven of them, and they all wished to eat one discontented little monkey.

At first the little monkey was too frightened to stir. But when the seven hundred and seventy-seven crocodiles opened their huge mouths wide, the little fellow said, "Oh, this is no place for me." And away he ran, all dripping with mud, to his mother. She was at home, getting supper.

"Oh, mother, mother," wailed the little monkey, as his mother cuddled him in her arms, mud and all, "Crocodile River is no place for a little monkey!"

His mother laughed; so did all the birds and beasts when they heard the news. But the crocodiles were much disappointed; especially as the little monkey was a contented, good, little monkey, ever after.



(Continued from first page.)

"She is crying on the stove," his little brother Ivan said. Tonassi glanced at the white clay stove which took up the whole end of the room. At the back it rose almost to the ceiling in a row of shelves; on these shelves Tonassi and his brothers slept at night. The light given by the two tallow candles was dim, but the boy caught a glimpse of a red dress on one of the upper shelves.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is she sick?"

"The coyotes killed her sheep," his father explained briefly. Tonassi was silent. This was indeed a misfortune; what his janitorship had been to him, her single sheep had been to his sister. He sighed in sympathy and asked his father for another piece of bread.

Poor Sonia climbed down from her lofty couch and lit a smoky lantern. She was going out to milk the two cows; among her people this was considered a girl's work.

"Don't be foolish," her mother said sharply. "The soup is good to-night; come and eat your supper. Will tears bring the sheep to life again?"

"I don't want any supper," Sonia said, taking the lantern and her milk-pail. Shortly Tonassi followed her to the barn.

"Tell me about it," he said to his sister, whose tears were flowing as swiftly as the milk.

"It was so warm to-day we let all the sheep out in the pasture," she said. "Sigan was watching them, but a team came along and he ran after it. Then I heard a coyote barking and ran out to the pasture. Two coyotes had the sheep driven into a corner. I ran and frightened them away, but one sheep was dead, and it was mine. Why couldn't the coyotes have killed one of father's sheep?" she finished with a sob.

"Perhaps father will give you another one."

Sonia shook her head. "He says he needs all the money he can get for the payment on his land in the spring. How can I go to school like this?" She stuck her foot out and looked at it scornfully. Her only foot covering was a sort of moccasin made from several thicknesses of old woolen cloth.

"When it gets warm in the spring, you can go to school barefoot," Tonassi suggested hopefully.

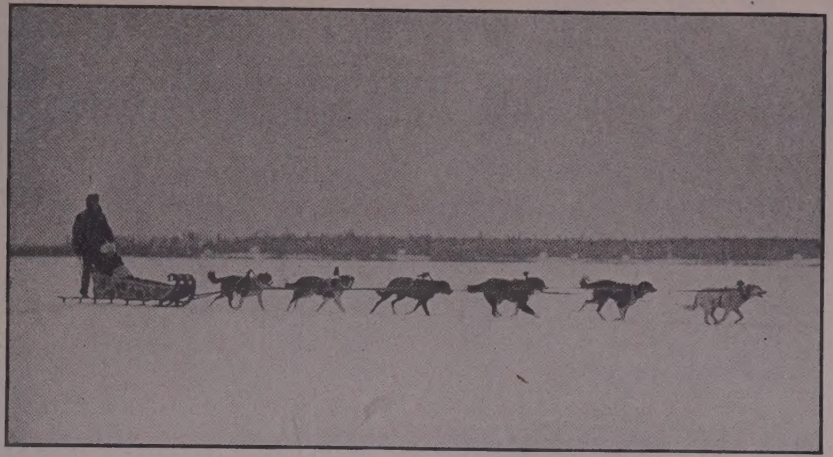
"Don't talk foolishness," said his sister, sharply. "In the spring I will have to help father plow, while you and Ivan go to school. Father says girls do not need learning like boys. But Miss Boyd says that in America girls must go to school just like their brothers."

Tonassi was thoughtful. To his father it seemed quite natural that Sonia should work outdoors in all weathers; that she should stay at home and give her brothers a chance to go to school. But Tonassi was growing up under new conditions. He had his doubts about the right of a boy to sacrifice his sisters.

"I could wear my old moccasins to school," he said at last. "Then you could have my felt boots."

His sister glanced at his feet, then at her own. "Your boots would be too small for me," she said. "Oh, Tonassi, couldn't you lend me the money to buy a pair of felt boots? When I sell my chickens next fall I can pay you back."

"That's almost a year," the boy objected, "and the chickens aren't hatched yet. Besides, I want to get an American coat; and that will take all my money."



"Uncle Nikon will take the dog-sledge and go to Mundare."

Sonia's sobs began again, and Tonassi, feeling vaguely ashamed, went back to the house.

Late that night he was awakened by the sound of weeping. Little Ivan woke at the same time.

"Are you going to make that noise all night?" Ivan asked indignantly. "You'll wake mother up pretty soon, and then you'll catch it."

Sonia tried to stifle her sobs in the old coat that served her for a pillow, but Tonassi knew she was still crying. He lay awake thinking. After all, did he really need a new overcoat so badly? His sheepskin coat was very warm. Tonassi loved his sister, and he was naturally an unselfish boy, but then he had set his heart on the new coat. Still, winter would be over in two months, and surely he could wear the sheepskin coat for two months more! Sonia would repay him before next winter; he knew his sister's determined and honest nature. Another loud sob decided him. In the darkness he climbed down from his lofty bed and crept across the room to the bench where his sisters slept.

"Here, Sonia, take it," he whispered, thrusting some bills into her hand.

"What is it, Tonassi?" she asked in a low voice.

"I'll lend you four dollars," Tonassi whispered. "That will buy you felt boots and two pairs of warm stockings. Uncle Nikon will take the dog-sledge and go to Mundare to-morrow; he will buy them for you. Now, stop that howling, and let us get some sleep," he finished, tiptoeing back to his bed.

Miss Boyd had feared that Tonassi might grow careless in his work, now that he had got his money in advance. But next morning the fire glowed in a newly polished stove, and her desk had never been dusted so thoroughly.

"Please, teacher, here is your money," Tonassi said, giving her a two-dollar bill. "I will not get the American coat just now."

"You have changed your mind, Tonassi?"

"Yes, ma'am," the boy answered briefly. Then as an afterthought he added, "Next week my sister Sonia comes to school again."

Every year a complete file of *The Beacon* is sent in a box of books and magazines to the Maine Sea-Coast Mission for some lonely children in a lighthouse, by the Lend-a-Hand Club of Peabody, Mass.

### Sunday School News.

THE Unitarian church in Chattanooga is built on the spot where the first shell fired from Lookout Mountain exploded. Mr. Lawrance of the Department of Religious Education of our national work, and Mr. McHale of Florida, recently visited this church. Mr. McHale spoke to the young men's class in the Sunday school.

At Fall River, Mass., there is this year a healthy increase in the Sunday school. The minister requested the children of the school to attend the church service of worship once a month, on the third Sunday, and has met with an encouraging response.

The Editor has received a package containing some of the picture cutting and coloring done in the Sunday school in Stockton, Cal. This is a newly established school, numbering twenty-nine pupils in four classes. Their minister says: "We are very small in number, but I am sure we make up for lack of size in genuine devotion and the spirit of the Master."

### Mother and Child.

MOTHER, why can't I see the wind  
When it scatters the leaves and blows  
my hair,  
I think I can find it by looking behind,  
But it never is there.  
Mother, why can't I see the wind?

Dear child, to understand  
Give me your hand,  
And watch it move.  
That much you see,  
But not the power that made it come to me.  
Hidden this power behind;  
Hidden the wind  
That blows your hair.  
But now you know  
Some things we can be sure of which do not  
show.

O God! How close art Thou,  
Though hidden now  
Beyond our sight.  
Bless us, we pray,  
And bid Thy angels guide us day by day.

MAY ELTON DAVIES,  
in *Kindergarten Review*.





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EASTPORT, ME.,  
7 Woodman Place.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I enjoy the stories very much, especially the letters from the members of the Beacon Club, and I think I would like to be a member too. May I? My teacher's name is Miss Wadsworth, and I like her very much. She has been my teacher almost five years.

Yours sincerely,  
SARA CLOUGH.

SHARON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. We have a lot of hens where we live. This morning when I went to school we had a little bit of snow, but we didn't have very much. Next year my little sister will be going to school. But I will just be over in another school. Then she will have to play all alone, but she will be with me before I know it. I am seven years old and am in the fourth grade. Christmas will be here soon and we shall all have a good time then.

Yours sincerely,  
ELEANOR CUSHMAN.

SHARON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. We have Sunday school at home because there are not enough children in our church. I am in the sixth grade. I am ten years old. My sister takes *The Beacon*. We read them almost as soon as they come.

Yours sincerely,  
ROBERT W. CUSHMAN.

Little Ruth Cushman, five years old, also sends a nicely printed letter, saying she would like to join our Club.

PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian church of which Rev. Dudley R. Child is minister.

Col. Edward F. Jones, who led the "Old Sixth" Regiment through Baltimore in 1861, went to this church and Rev. Charles Babbidge, the minister at that time, was chaplain of the same regiment.

I read *The Beacon* and enjoy the stories and puzzles. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button.

Your friend,  
KATHERINE HOBART.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,  
64 Harrison Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am ten years old and am a member of a large class. I am very much interested in *The Beacon* and enjoy working out the puzzles and enigmas. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,  
ELIZABETH D. RAMAGE.

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.,  
68 Fisher Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much but especially the puzzles.

I am a Unitarian, and have not missed a Sunday, this year.

I am sending an enigma and I hope I shall see it printed before long.

Yours sincerely,  
LINCOLN FAIRLEY.



MILTON, MASS.,  
222 Pleasant Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. This is my first year, but I am getting along nicely. There are eight boys in my class. I have to take the car to get to my Sunday school but I go just the same.

Yours sincerely,  
YENDELL BADGER.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.,  
33 Lakeville Place.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have lots of fun where I live. My little friend and I turn bars and watch the boys play tennis, baseball, and football. I live on Lakeville Place. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday at Arlington Street Sunday School. We have pictures shown on a screen about the lesson we have just had. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Kirk. I like the letters of other boys and girls who take *The Beacon*, too. I hope I can be one of the members of the Beacon Club.

Yours,  
ELLEN WALES.

### From the Editor to You.

**The Work of Love.** "What can he do—an old man like that? He might spoil our lovely work."

It was in a cathedral in Northern Europe, centuries ago. Skillful workmen were carving the stone arches and capitals into lovely forms; for they were making a building in which to worship God, a house for all the people. An old man had come and asked to be allowed to do a piece of the carving. "I know how to carve," he had said; "it is what I have done all my life. I would give of my work to the Lord."

Those who were finishing the great cathedral were afraid to trust him. So they gave him a dark corner in the shadows of the vaulted roof, where a rough stone might be smoothed off, where people would not be able to see what sort of carving was done.

Day after day the old man toiled at his chosen task away up there under the roof. No one watched him, or saw what he did. But God saw. In time, the God dwelling in human hearts saw, too.

One day, centuries after, a worshiper happened to look up into the ceiling of the great cathedral just at the moment when the long rays of the sun, striking through a narrow window, touched the stone which the old man had carved. There was a face of wondrous beauty, as it had been the face of an angel. The old man had made it with great skill and care, remembering one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. Ever after, on the few days in the year when the sun's rays shone in and touched the stone, visitors came and waited eagerly to catch a glimpse of the lovely face. "It is the most beautiful bit of carving in the cathedral," they said, "for it was the work of love, a free gift to God and to those who worship."

Every service done for love's sake has a beauty of its own, and instantly ennobles the one who does it. Jesus told this to his followers, that even a cup of cold water given as a deed of love received the truest reward.

## RECREATION CORNER

### ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 20, 5, 1, 13, is not prompt.  
My 2, 3, is a personal pronoun.  
My 14, 10, 12, 8, 9, is a boy's name.  
My 15, 16, 17, is a possessive pronoun.  
My 10, 11, 4, 6, is to have.  
My 7, 18, is a preposition.  
My whole is a well-known magazine.

JOHN S. THOMAS

### ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 23 letters.  
My 10, 11, 4, 1, 10, 23, is one of the United States  
My 2, 20, 14, 19, is a river in Europe.  
My 14, 6, 7, 18, is used frequently by boys.  
My 17, 21, 22, 15, is a variety of shell fish.  
My 3, 22, 12, is a horse.  
My 8, 5, 9, 13, 16, 9, is a small country.  
My whole is a noted general who fought in the Civil War.

CLARKE P. YERRINGTON.

### ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 1, 2, 8, 12, 13, 14, 9, is a fraction.  
My 15, 9, 15, 16, is a flower.  
My 5, 15, 19, 4, is a number.  
My 19, 18, 15, 10, is what carpenters use.  
My 6, 7, 3, 3, 16, 14, is made from milk.  
My 20, 11, 5, 3, is when you have finished.  
My whole is an island on the coast of North America.

ELIZABETH EAST.

### ANAGRAM.

GO HENCE, NAP.

Napoleon planned to take a city.  
It made a gallant stand; but force  
Soon conquered it—alas! the pity:  
He named it for his favorite horse.

The Wellspring.

### REVERSIBLES.

1. Read forward it is a weight; read backward it is denial.
2. Read forward it is to strike; read backward it is equal value.
3. Read forward it is to boast; read backward it is a dress.
4. Read forward it is the point of anything; read backward it is a place for something.

Young Days.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXX.—William Shakespeare.

ENIGMA XXXI.—General Joffre.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Hood. 2. Milk. 3. May. 4. Fear. 5. Great Bear. 6. Ray. 7. Farewell. 8. Solomon.

A PROBLEM IN FRACTIONS.—Cleveland.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.—1. May. 2. Grace. 3. Olive. 4. Ida.

A CONUNDRUM.—Because it is the middle of day.

## THE BEACON

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